

# A New Ballad.

To the Old Tune of Chevy-Chase.

I.  
GOD prosper long this free-born Isle,  
And make to Britons known!  
To talk of Peace is scarce worth While,  
Unless 'tis Good or None.

II.  
Tho' Taxes may by Peace abate;  
Yet what Man gains a Tester,  
If Skin be patch'd o'er broken Pate,  
Before we cure the Fester?

III.  
We have abjur'd; then rest assur'd,  
Ye Clergy or ye Lay-men!  
That noble Act must be secur'd,  
Or-else Lord help us! Amen.

IV.  
With each Heart's-Vein dread Europe's Chain!  
Since there no Thing more true is;  
Than that, if Spain must appertain.  
To Anjou, He is Lewis.

V.  
God save the Queen, if thus they mean,  
And from old Lew defend her!  
Since Five-and-Five is no more Ten,  
Than He is our Pretender.

VI.  
He own'd King Will: and so wou'd still,  
To gain a breathing Truce;  
Then keep his Royal-Word, until  
To break it serv'd his Use.

VII.  
So faithless Winds decoy the Ship,  
With Promise to persist;  
Then into some cross Corner slip,  
And drive her as they list.

VIII.  
Who first a Mouse-trap did invent,  
And baited it with Bacon;  
This mythologic Warning meant,  
Be not by fair Words taken!

IX.  
In-vain poor Souls have flock'd in Shoals,  
If Peace shou'd Slaves decree 'em;  
To offer-up, at Quire of Paul's,  
Their needless Psalm Te-Deum.

X.  
It was not thus in Days of old,  
As Histories repeat;

For Men did then a Difference hold  
'Twixt Vict'ry and Defeat.

XI.  
Nor was the Secret often known,  
Thro' course of Ages past;  
The conqu'ring Side to be undone,  
The Conquer'd gain at last!

XII.  
A Gamester, at a Hazzard-Bet,  
Wou'd think 't a Bubble-Cafe;  
When Main is thrown and Stake is fet,  
To loose it to Deux-Ace!

XIII.  
Thus smitten Hearts feel cruel Darts,  
From a receding Eye;  
Which Parthian-like, as Love asserts,  
At-once can kill and fly.

XIV.  
When injur'd Greeks beleagur'd Troy,  
And liv'd in Boots ten Years;  
They let the Place no Rest enjoy,  
Till burnt about their Ears.

XV.  
Sly Proffers of tho'-wish'd-for Peace,  
With Sword in Hand, they heard;  
But scorn'd Hostilities shou'd cease,  
Till Wrongs were first repair'd.

XVI.  
No less than Madness it was thought,  
At that wise Time-o'-day;  
To claim the Prize for which they fought,  
And then to give 't away!

XVII.  
Kind Vict'ry thus were like the Cow,  
Which crumps her Back and Tail;  
And, after yielding Milk enough,  
Frisks-round and spills the Pail.

XVIII.  
Then, this Dispute to reconcile,  
Let's end where we begun;  
Nor talk of Peace as worth the While,  
Except 'tis Good or None.

XIX.  
And so God blest our Gracious Queen!  
And may our Pray'rs ne'er cease;  
That his great Hand wou'd intervene,  
Be it a War or Peace!